The Dying Mans good

Counsel to his Chidren and Friends.

Being a fit, Pattern for Old and Young, Rich and Poor, Bond and Free to take Example by the same, that they may live an honest sober Godly Life in this World; that they may enjoy life everlasting in the world to come.

To the Tune of in Summer time.

GOod people all listen a while
& give ear unto my Song,
Let not vain thoughts your hearts beguile
Nor be led by no evil tongue.

All you that stands about my Bed
and here is come my death to view,
Think on my Words when I am dead
and what I speak you'l find them true.

First to my Children I will speak
which in this world I now must leave
See what a godly course you take
and lok no man you do deceive,

Help for to right the Fatherles
the hungry se you cloath and fed,
Wrong not a Widdow in distress (ned
thou know'st not but thou maist come to

That thou dost give, give with a good will
rejoice not at thy Brothers fall, (skill
To make Neighbors friends pray use your
a day will come will pay thee all.

Hate not a Man tho he be poor
let not Pride thy heart overthrow,
Relieve those that ask at thy door
thou knowst not what thou may come to.

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For Gold and Silver is but drols
and Gods has wings to fly away,
But count that same a greater loss
that brings thy Soul unto decay.

Hate Drunkenness that deadly sin
which will bring thee to poverty,
A Harlots door don't enter in
be sure no good will come thereby,

Likewise my Daughters which I have
and to other Maidens I will speak,
That when I am laid in my Grave
my counsel they much on may make.

Mind your Bibles more then pride
for in this world you have not long to stay
And God above will be your guide
if you his holy Word obey.

Dress you your selves in civil sort
be not puft up with every Wind,
Do not regard the Worlds report
and thou reward in Heaven shalt find.

For all these Earthly joys are Vanity
therefore mark well what I shall say:
Tho thou dost climb never so high
yet still thou art but dust and clay.

Man's Life you see is like a span
or like the flowers i'th field do grow,
Here to day, to morrow is gone
all this for certain truth we know.

Then who won'd be proud of what they have
when death doth come thou must away.
The Rich the Poor must go to'th Grave
for Time and Tide for none will stay.

Rejoyce O young Man in thy youth
yet count thy mirth but vanity,
And know this for certain truth
that one day thou and all must dye.

Do not we see before our Eyes
how sudden some are snatch away,
Death at our doors he knocks and cries
prepare you for your dying day.

Yet some on their means do set such love
their hearts so hardned is withall,
They think not on that God above,
tho he himself to them doth call.

But let me perswade all such as those
with speed a new life to begin,
For when that Death thine eyes do close,
thou'lt find what danger thou art in.

Therefore whilst thou hast Time and Space
make use of it while you are here,
Then welcom death come when thou will,
of it thou needs not stand in fear.

For after death comes you can't repent
and for every idle word you say,
And how thy precious time thou'st spent
thou must give account at the latter day.

What pleasure Man here canst thou find
altho thou sports thy time away,
Thy glass is running prethee mind
thy Soul doth both wast and decay.

Thus Friends and Neighbors you do hear
what a Righteous man he doth come too,
Then to serve the Lord let it be your care
and so I bid you all adue.

And then departed this Old Man
in love in Happiness, and Peace,
No doubt his Soul to Heaven is gone,
where Angels sing, and never cease.

All you that now have heard these Lines
& mark these words which here is pen'd,
I pray you bear them in your mind,
that you may make a Godly end.

London, Printed for *F. Coles, T. Veres, J. Wright,* and *J. Clarke.*